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THE COLUMBIAN CALL

Vol. III. Washington, D. C., February 15, 1898. No. 7.



“Ah, when I think of what I am,
And what I used to was;
I think I threw myself away
Without sufficient cause.”

—De Lome.

LAW

THE COLUMBIAN CALL

Robinson
1898

Vol. III.

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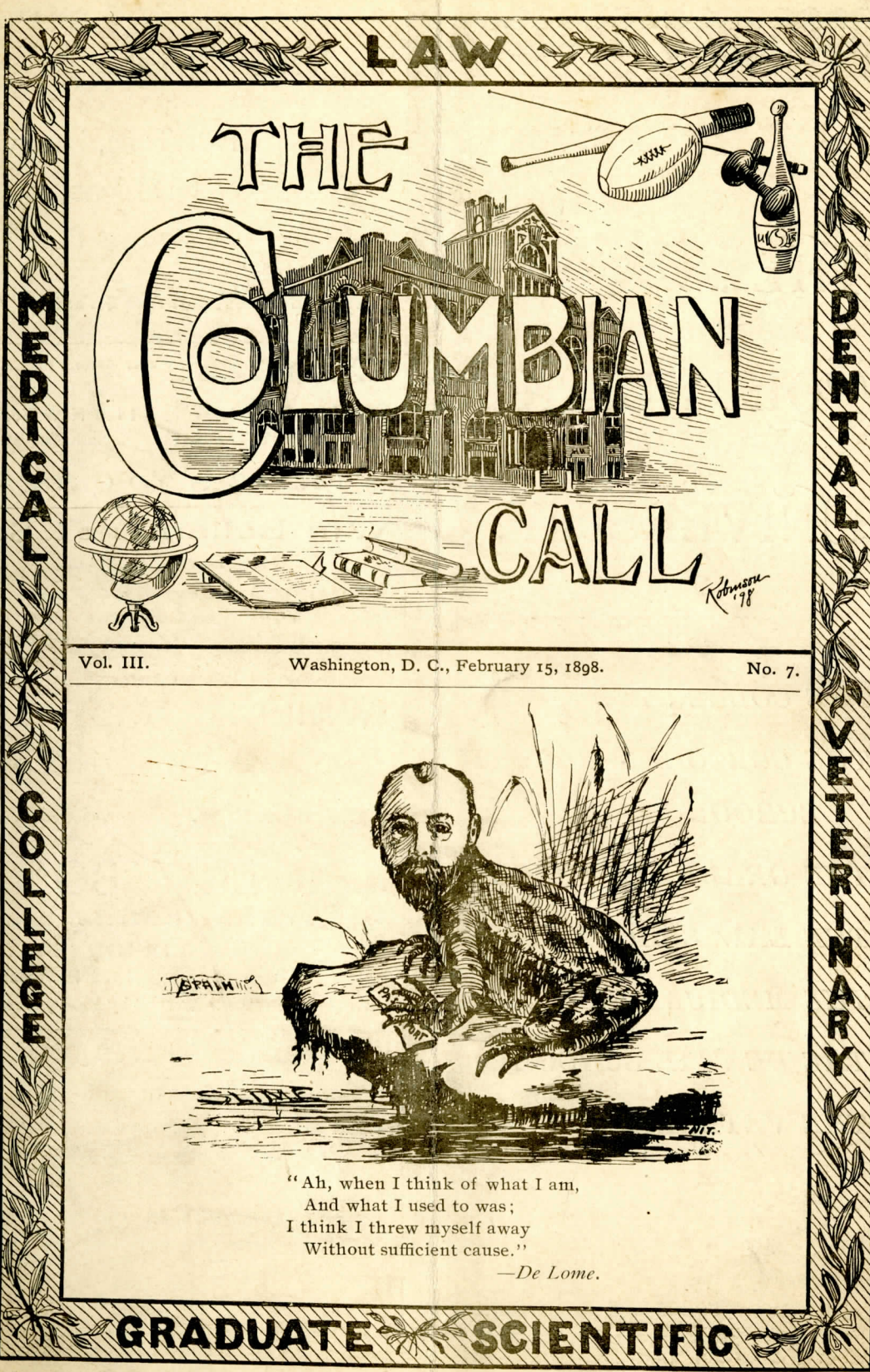
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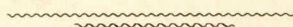




THE....

COLUMBIAN

UNIVERSITY.



THE COLLEGE

*THE CORCORAN SCIENTIFIC
SCHOOL*

THE GRADUATE SCHOOL

THE LAW SCHOOL

THE MEDICAL SCHOOL

THE DENTAL SCHOOL

THE VETERINARY SCHOOL



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CHAS. P. HANCOCK.

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Rare Imported Novelties.

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428 Seventh Street.

School and College Text Books. Large-
est Variety, Lowest Prices. Note Books
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CLASS PHOTOGRAPHER,

1107 F Street N. W. Washington, D. C.

FOR LAW BOOKS,

New and Second Hand at Low Rates

Call on JOHN BYRNE & CO.,

1322 F Street N. W.

Have you seen "LAW LATIN" by Prof. Jackson?

NOTICE TO STUDENTS.

If you are a student lad,
Tell your friends you saw their ad.
They will like it, so will we.
If you don't think so try it and see.

Lassies too can help, you bet,
Other advertisements and subscriptions
to get.

Their good wishes and a word now and
then

Will help our paper and not injure them.

The Columbian Call

WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 15, 1898.

THE LAST OF BATTLES.

An Episode of the Year 2000.

INTRODUCTION.—Considering the fact that two articles, "The War of the Worlds," and "Our Late War with Spain," have been published by the *Cosmopolitan*, and embody to some extent the same progressive ideas which are contained in the following narrative, I deem it necessary to say that the above named articles had not been read by me at the time that the story following was planned. I have nothing to say concerning it further than that it was written with the idea of pointing out the possible channels of usefulness that many of the industrial arts and their products might be turned in case danger menaced the republic.

The relations of two mighty nations were strained. A great war was inevitable. All forms of arbitration had been suggested by either side, and all were rejected, the two nations were unable by other than the force of arms to settle the broadening difference.

While one nation represented the republican form of government, and recognized that all men were created free and equal, the other was the combined strength of the monarchies of the old world, who had by the conquering and absorption of each other become a homogeneous and colossal structure, ready almost to bend and break of its own weight.

War being declared at last, the Yankee nation appreciated the value of time and sent its ultimatum back to that great European capital, Hamburg, in a slow sailing vessel appropriately named "The Flying Dutchman."

This ordinarily could have afforded elegant leisure, but with such an awful prospect staring the 500,000,000 Americans in the face, it necessitated gigantic preparations, and the nation assumed the appearance of a beehive, in which even the drones were working for dear life.

The official document arrived in Hamburg and excited the whole of Europe, Asia and Africa. Automatic telegraphs clicked the news from town to town and continent to continent. In each place it was duly thrown by search lights in clearly written form upon the clouds, so that by midnight 50,000,000 loyal royalists were at the king's call. All Europe was up and in arms. Past victories made them eager and the electric trains were crowded with soldiery as they sped to the seacoast towns. By morning the pneumatic tube railways and the electric lines had done the wonderful feat of moving fifty million of

men in five hours. Embarkation commenced and the roller ships outdistanced all propellers and sail driven craft, running close upon 100 miles per hour.

It was a magnificent sight to see that army leave the old world, equipped with such splendid firearms, clothed in such peculiar colors—easily lost against the landscape background, protected they thought by armor impenetrable to the most terrible fire known to modern troops—the machine gun, firing 5,000 times per minute, and sweeping the field ninety degrees to either side.

But the ocean was yet to be crossed and while this the most magnificent army of modern times was sweeping across the Atlantic, with its line of ships two thousand miles long, the Americans were not sleeping.

No! For every harbor was bedded with torpedoes, susceptible only to the vertical vibrations of the Marconi telegraph instruments, used on all the foreign vessels. Every creek and river into which the nose of a craft could poke, was protected by large torpedoes, stifling gas, fog nozzles, and occasional fire nozzles—there were six of the latter in New York harbor capable of melting steel like glass, when properly directed against the armored cruisers' side.

False light houses and wrecking rafts were sunk at convenient and strategic points, to be automatically caused to rise when the fleet of the hostile country sailed over them.

The American continents, themselves in a high state of progress, were wreathed with electric railroads, the power being derived from water falls, tide catchers, wind mills, temperature difference engines, and in some cases by the long discarded and costly process of the quadruple expansion engines. The trains were speeding back and forth planting guns in commanding positions and giving a bustle and a stir to the whole nation, such as it had never seen before. Away up in the Klondike and Canada, those highly developed states of the now extended Union, and down in Terra Del Fuego, Ecuador, Brazil, Chili, Mexico, Honduras and other states, it was the same, all America had gone wild in their mad endeavor to be ahead of the "Cosmopolites" in the race for national existence.

Every workshop was turned into a factory

for the making of materials of warfare. Food tablet factories, producing such strengthening tablets, that one bushel of them would sustain a thousand men for a month, were running full time.

Iron and electric works were busy casting and finishing electric and compressed air guns and small field arms, while the fields on both the Americas were checked with wires, being buried by the expert engineers for future use should the enemy ever reach land. At length the vanguard of the enemy arrived and making for the New England coast, struck anchor just out of range of the fifty mile guns in Boston Harbor, to await the concentration of their forces.

The East had been from time immemorial the work shop of the nation. So it was here that the enemy was first to strike.

It was a sad day when the Cosmopolites published in their geographies the smallness of the free Americas. With the gigantic army at their command—so sure that the small country would be quickly conquered, it was like driving a big herd of cattle to slaughter, as you shall soon see.

Two days having elapsed, the enemies forces being in readiness, the siege of New York and Boston began. There was firing at sea and on land, and forty miles from shore many a good ship went down. The electric torpedoes propelled like creeping things along the ocean's bottom, gave to the operators far back in land the exact location of the enemies vessels, and indicated automatically which way torpedoes must be steered.

Nearer and nearer the enemies' forces came, and the operators smoked their cigarettes indifferently, as with the pressure of a button, thousands of souls were hurled into eternity.

But the force of numbers was too great, the cities were threatened—the torpedoes were all exploded and there was no time to resink more—what was now to be done? A man climbed into the electric flying machine and set out to survey the positions. Two hundred miles from shore the enemies' fleet was bearing in under flying colors. They surely extended the full length of the coast—there was yet time to use the compass destroyers—back went the machine, and on every hill top the operators were notified. They threw in the great induction coils, set along the coast ten miles apart and the enveloping clouds soon had the mariners puzzled. The ship compasses spun round and round, and north, south, east and west were one to them.

The American vessels equipped with coil protectors, steamed out of Boston port and opened fire upon the enemy. Ship after ship

went down, but numbers were too great, the gigantic guns of their big ships drove back the American navy and sunk thousands of its vessels. The American coast was, in spite of all the electric devices, finally gained, and foreign troops ransacked our harbors and began to march inland. But they were attacked on every side—mines of powder were blown up and dynamite bombs exploded over their sleeping camps.

In the great valley of the Alleghanies, the massed armies of the two nations met. The Cosmopolites drew up their line of battle extending six hundred miles. An engagement occurred, the motor wagons climbed the mountain roads and dragged heavy cannon along to hold the passes. Chain shot and cannister rained in the exposed American lines and the sharpshooters picked each other off like leaves in the autumn. Yet there was as yet little sound, the attachment for firearms had long ago done away with sound.

Thus far the Americans were, it seemed, doomed to defeat. The chemical bombs, the last relic of the barbaric warfare of the Chinese, came screaming into the American camps, their foul nauseating odors stifling and killing. The waters of the streams and rivers were poisoned by the Americans; smoking bonfires covered their retreats and locations, throwing the enemy off its guard, and giving advantage they did not fail to take. But in spite of looks the Americans never slept. If they but knew it the Cosmopolites were a doomed nation. At the very moment when they felt sure of success, a thousand electric excavators were burrowing noiselessly under their feet, cutting through the earth and stone, operating automatically from above ground. A few more hours and by wireless telephonic instruments it was known that the dynamite was in place and the stiles prepared. As these stiles were particularly interesting and deadly I shall describe them in detail:

Posts soaked in boiling oil were planted in three rows across such passes as it was wished to guard; upon them, and guarded by bushes and any screening device obtainable, were strung heavy copper wires made up of two sections, an inner wire and an outer cover, insulated from each other. Any attempt to cut the wire would produce such a sparking as to melt the instrument before the cutting was even half accomplished. Now a voltage of 200,000, shot an occasional spark into the ground through the intervening air.

The wires ran at varied distances from the ground and had copper streamers swinging from them. At places it had the appearance

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 109.)

THE LAWYER'S GHOST STORY.

BY M. M. RAMSEY.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.)

"But I shall not dwell further upon details. I saw Louise frequently at the art gallery, and met and accompanied her to and from her class. My company was evidently very pleasing to her, and our acquaintance rapidly ripened into a proposal and acceptance. But the aunt, ever watchful of her ward, suspected the state of affairs, and set spies to watch Louise's movements. Finding that she was often in my company, Aunt Isabelle—or Jezebel, as Louise and I used to call her—forbade her going out unless accompanied by herself or her son James, known among his intimate friends as 'Shady Jim.' This young man, not being calculated to fascinate, and being thus thrust upon her, became exceedingly odious, and for several months Louise refused to leave the house at all. A very restricted correspondence was maintained through the good offices of Josie Penfield. The most natural thing in the world under such circumstances was to concert an escape—an elopement, in short—and so furnish a welcome item to the gossips. Several plans looking to that end were indeed devised, but all came to nothing through the vigilance of the old guardian. You see here were two women of about equal determination pitted against each other. Both played for all they held dearest in this world, and in the end both became desperate—regardless of all consequences. Eventually Louise was neither permitted to leave the house nor see any of the friends of her choice. From that time I never saw Louise nor held any direct communication with her. What I am next to relate with regard to her is hearsay, learned long afterwards and from several sources, and for its entire accuracy I am not prepared to answer.

"Having detected Louise in an attempt to escape, her aunt confined her in a three-story back room, intending to keep her there until her spirit should be somewhat subdued. That very night, the 19th of March, dark, moonless and stormy, Louise sought to escape in a most daring manner. Tearing the bed clothes into wide strips, she made a strong rope, which she lowered out of the window as soon as she thought all would be asleep. But the ever-watchful aunt, hearing the tearing of the cloth, suspected what was going on and crept noiselessly in just as Louise was leaning out of the window lowering the rope. The window was a large and heavy one, and being without weights, was supported by a walnut rod. The aunt, in a frenzy of rage at her

niece's persistent obstinacy, dashed forward and struck at her, and in so doing knocked away this rod. The heavy window fell, striking across the neck of the girl, who, at the first sound of the falling window, had started back. Horror-struck at what she had done, Mrs. Reynolds raised the window, only to find the girl dead. Her neck had been broken instantly. Almost beside herself with fright, Mrs. Reynolds fled from the room, locking the door securely behind her, and hastened to her own room, to compose herself and to deliberate on what was to be done. At this juncture, her son came into the house and was stopped on his way to bed by his mother, who led him to her room and told him what had happened. Between them they took the girl's corpse, and removing all jewelry, together with her outer clothing, they cut off her long hair, in order to lessen the probability of her being identified, and having sewed the body up in new sheeting, 'Shady Jim,' that very night, or rather morning, for it was two o'clock before they finished, took the ghastly burden in his buggy and carried it to that long projecting pier at the foot of East 21st street, adjoining the wharf of the Norwalk line of steamers, and dropped it into the water. Mrs. Reynolds silenced any inquiries by saying that her niece had long ago showed symptoms of an unsound mind, and she had been shut up and strictly watched for several months, but that she had at last become so violent that it was impossible to keep her longer, and that she had been sent to a private institution for the insane in New England.

"Mrs. Reynolds now felt comparatively secure and contented in the possession of the property, but her contentment was but of short duration. On the third night after the murder she awoke about midnight with a strange feeling of terror and a consciousness that there was somebody in the room. Raising her eyes, her affrighted glance fell upon the figure of a woman, wrapped in white sheeting, and a spasm of horror seized her as she saw the fixed stare of the eyes, the head drooped upon one shoulder, as it had been when she and Jim had lifted her up on that fatal night. Paralyzed with terror she could not even scream. The phantom remained motionless for some seconds, and then, approaching the bed, stretched forth a hand as if to clutch her. The old lady's features convulsed, and she fell back on her pillow in a dead faint. From that time on, during the last three nights of each waning moon, did this horrible spectre present itself to the old lady. Sometimes its attitude was threatening,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 108.)

The Columbian Call.

A COLLEGE PAPER PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS
OF THE COLUMBIAN UNIVERSITY,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Issued Semi-Monthly from Nov. 16th to June 2,
inclusive.

*Entered at the Post Office, Washington, D. C., as second-class
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MISS ANNA S. HAZLETON, Columbian Women.

TERMS—One Dollar per year, payable in advance. Subscriptions are payable to any member of the staff, or to Mr. Chas. W. Holmes, University Registrar, who will also supply extra copies of THE CALL.

*All literary matter intended for publication should be addressed to THE COLUMBIAN CALL, Washington, D. C.
Advertising rates made known on application.*

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1898.

Every student of the University is earnestly requested to at least make an effort to attend the meeting, in the interest of the CALL, which is to be held in the large lecture hall tonight. Professor Pierce is expected to be present and will make a few remarks on cartoon making. Students who have heard him speak will require no other particulars. To those who are not acquainted with him we will say, please come prepared to laugh, his cartoons are indescribable and his remarks—hear him. Several members of the faculty are expected to speak and altogether we anticipate a great meeting.

We announce another change in this issue. We have long been trying to devise some scheme by which it might be possible to create a general interest in the news columns of the CALL. Department headings have always been an eye sore to us and we have decided to abolish them. Hereafter all "news" will

be published under one head as "University Gleanings." It is to be hoped that this plan will have the desired effect and that in the future students will read the entire paper instead of merely the notes of their particular departments. It is our purpose too, if we can secure the material, to raise the literary character of our journal. Why should we continue to put out a newspaper? "Notes" and "news" are good things, but they should not form a very large part of our paper. Columbian numbers among its students men and women who are capable of doing anything, and if they can be impressed with the idea that as students of a great co-educational institution, located at the Capital of the Nation, that as such they attract the attention of the world, and that in the CALL they are represented before the people at large, they may be brought to a proper realization of the needs of the hour and make some effort to make the CALL what it has never been, a proper representative of the student body of Columbian University.

Before another issue of the CALL appears the 22d of February will have come and gone. May we as students of Columbian, and in later years as individual men and women never cease to remember this day. As patriotic citizens we cherish the memory of the Father of his Country, and may we as time goes on instill within the minds and hearts of future generations, love admiration and respect for the name and memory of Washington.

We understand that a series of Sunday afternoon lectures are being arranged, to which the students of the University and their friends will be invited. Eminent men are to discourse upon important themes and the services cannot fail to be both interesting and profitable. We believe these lectures will not only benefit the students intellectually, but they will tend to bind us closer together as parts of the University body.

The next issue of the CALL will appear on Tuesday March 1. The editor requests that all contributions be handed to him at the earliest moment possible.

"MAP READING."

The first of the series of five lectures on "Map Reading," by Josiah Pierce, M. A., was given to an appreciative audience in the Chemical Lecture Hall, on Saturday evening, Feb. 12. This, the first of the series, was interesting, particularly because of the fact that nearly every department of the government using or making maps contributed to the exhibition. Several of the maps originally made and owned by European governments, were particularly fine specimens of the careful work done by European engineers.

Besides the allusion to the worth of maps—as in the Japano-Chinese War—the lecturer put forward the fact that three things would make American maps ideal—viz., up-to-date-ness, elevated and low area shading, and a large scale—large enough to locate houses and landmarks.

The next lecture will be on the "Geography of Maps," Saturday, Feb. 19th, at 8 p. m. The students are at liberty to extend invitations to their friends, and those concerned in military and naval affairs will be particularly interested.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

The chief desire of every human heart is to succeed in life, and the "secret dread and inmost horror" is that of failure. This is true even of those who neither persistently strive for success nor seek to avoid failure. No one ever deliberately planned to waste his life. When one is following the course of failure he is thinking of nobler deeds, and expects some day to do them.

What is success? What is failure? Success is the favorable issue of efforts put forth to obtain a desired object. That which accomplishes the purpose which it was designed to accomplish has succeeded. Of course, failure is what success is not; it is non-success, a falling short of the proposed end. The root idea of failure is deception.

Prof. Austin Phelps says: "The final test of success, from which there is no appeal, is permanence." To many success is the same as "advancement in life," by which they mean 'to be talked about, to get into good society, to secure a prominent place in the community or state, to be able to set the fashion, to be looked up to, to be "the observed of all observers."' This view is of the world worldly. It will not stand the test of permanence. It groweth up and flourisheth for a time and then vanisheth away. To-day it is and to-morrow it is not. If we apply the

test of permanence, we must extend the scope of our observation to the whole range of God's eternal purpose. One lifetime is too short to measure success. Much that is good in the world is the fruit of lives and efforts that have been forgotten. The forests of a former age have perished, leaving only here and there a memorial of their greatness. But they have not perished utterly, but only to revive again in other forms. They died that we might live. We build our houses, light our cities, and move the world's commerce with the tombs of the dead.

Failure comes either because we do not grasp the true meaning of life, or because we are not willing to work out that meaning in our own lives. Man was born to live forever. If he does not, it is because he will not.

To think truly, to feel rightly, to act wisely, to live nobly—this is to succeed. In the light of Christian truth and in view of the final goal we may say that success is faithfully doing one's best, doing to-day's duty as he is given to see it; and failure is not doing what one knows he ought to do. No true life was ever lived in vain. Success comes to him who seeks it with a whole heart. He may die not having received it all, but it will surely come.

"The good we hoped to gain has failed us. Well,
We do not see the ending; and the boom
May wait us down the ages—who can tell?
And bless us amply soon.

In god's eternal plan, a month, a year,
Is but an hour of some slow April day,
Holding the gems of what we hope and fear
To blossom far away."

—The Cumberland.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

It will no doubt be gratifying to all students and friends of the University who are interested in athletics to know that the Athletic Association, like the ground hog, came out into the world a few days since, and as there were no shadows upon the horizon it decided to prolong its visit. In fact it has shown signs of unusual life and activity and it is quite possible that before the next season closes it will have distinguished itself in many respects.

President Whitman and Deans Munroe, Huntington, and Hodgkins have issued invitations for the evening of Tuesday, February 22d, for a reception at the University, to the Faculty and students of the School of Graduate Studies, the College, and the Scientific School.

University Gleanings.

The class of '98, C. S. S., held a meeting on Friday the 11th, and organized with the following officers: Mr. Hayes, president; Mr. Means, vice-president; Miss Doyle, secretary; Mr. Faulkner, treasurer. Many matters of interest to the class were considered. There seemed to be a very general objection to the Joint Commencement. One thing is assured, that if a Joint Commencement is held, the class of '98, will make every effort to obtain that position in the commencement program and exercises which the great importance of the scientific school warrants, and an effort will be made to marshal the 250 students in one battalion, and secure for them the best seats in the hall.

The Chemical Department of the Corcoran Scientific School is now erecting a cyanide plant for the practical instruction of students in the modern processes of the extraction of gold from its ores by the use of potassium cyanide and the deposition of the gold by means of the electric current. The opportunity for the study of this plant and the determination of the value of these processes as applied to the various grades and qualities of ore will be of special value to the students in assaying, who will be permitted to operate the plant.

The present editor for the College finds it imperatively necessary to resign his highly honorable office. He was persuaded against his better judgment to take the position at a time when, perhaps, no one else could be found who would accept. Now conditions have changed. The CALL is no longer in such disrepute in his department. It is imperative for the College to be well represented, that some thought be given to the choice of a new editor. The retiring officer regrets that he could never fill his position with any degree of satisfaction to himself or anyone else. Fully realizing this he again reiterates that care must be taken in filling the place. There is no doubt but that the College possesses a large number of students who are fully capable to occupy this vacancy with satisfaction to all. What is needed is a meeting in the interest of the CALL which will decide upon that student who will most energetically, enthusiastically, and capably exercise the functions of the College editor. This cannot be emphasized too much. Let us have a ringing meeting for the CALL! Let the CALL resound until it has awakened every cataleptic literature in our institution.

Mr. Fred. C. Handy has been elected president of the Virginia Club, to fill the unexpired term occasioned by the departure from the city of its former president, John C. Dabney. Mr. Handy is energy personified, and is one of the most popular young men in the law school. Under his able management the Virginia Club has prospered to a great extent, not only in membership but also in the active interest and support shown toward the fulfillment of the society's ends.

In the Law School the Debating Society has lately been doing itself proud, and the recent Saturday night meetings have produced a magnificent flood of oratory and argument.

Mr. Hume, of Texas, has particularly distinguished himself and always has an interested and attentive audience when he rises and displays his sterling qualities in the line of argumentation. At the meeting held on last Saturday night, the subject under consideration was, *Resolved*, "That women should have the right of suffrage." Among those who spoke during the evening were: Messrs Rill, Austin, Andrews, Lewis, Tindall, Fontron, Gray, Freeman, Crooks, Wyant, Smith, Powell, Reeder, Phelps and Hume.

The Hamiltonian Debating Society has been holding forth every week and all of its members are highly gratified by the results accomplished. The membership of this society is limited to twenty, and each member has a chance to debate once in every five weeks. Some of the best talent in the University, from a forensic standpoint, belong to this society, and the debates so far this year have been very satisfactory.

Another Law School yell has made its appearance:

Equity pleadings, bills and notes;
Domestic relations, Pollock on torts;
Evidence, contracts, Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!
Columbian 'Varsity, College of Law.

The senior law class dance shows indications of being a great success. Complete arrangements have been made and it will be held at Rauschers, on Connecticut avenue, the evening of the 22d. The committee having the matter in charge decided to limit the number of tickets to seventy-five, which, from the number of applicants for tickets seems to have been a wise course. Students from each of the law classes, of several of the other departments, and even people outside of the University have applied for tickets, and no doubt, if the supply were equal to the demand there would be a repetition of last year.

The next public debate will be held on the 26th instead of the 19th as announced.

Several of the speakers requested that the date be changed as they would be unable to appear before the 26. The question to be discussed is, *Resolved*, That a Constitutional Amendment should be secured by which Senators shall be elected by direct vote of the people. Speakers of the affirmative are Mr. H. S. Lewis, senior class; Mr. L. D. Clark, post graduate class; I. C. Hume, Jr., junior class. The negative will be upheld by Mr. W. S. Smith, senior class; Mr. C. C. Wyant, post graduate class, and Mr. A. A. Adams, junior class.

Mr. Willard A. Rill, of New York, at a recent meeting was elected secretary of the senior class, to succeed Mr. Robinson who has been compelled, by pressure of business, to leave the school.

Great satisfaction is felt among all the students of the Veterinary School at Dr. Buckingham's resumption of his lectures on *Materia Medica*. Married life does not seem to detract from his abilities as an instructor in the slightest.

This season of the year is always marked by two incidents in our department; the first, a much guyed homesick youth with a long (ing) look about his countenance, and the second, the annual influx of instrument catalogues. Students' rates are about half those paid by a regular practitioner, consequently most all necessary instruments are purchased before leaving College. A new member has been added to our class in the shape of a savage looking bull dog.

Our Cornell correspondant still continues to send letters of discontent to the boys. He heartily wishes he was here with his name on the C. U. V. D. roll.

Next year it is hoped that two new courses of lectures will be introduced, one on dentistry and the other on pathological shoeing.

In the last issue of the CALL was noted the illness of Mr. James J. Lockwood of the senior class; it was not thought that the illness was by any means of a serious nature, and the announcement of his death was doubly a shock to his classmates because of the great esteem in which he was held by all, and the startling suddenness with which he had been removed forever from their midst.

Mr. Lockwood was one of the youngest members of the class and one of its most diligent students, the excellence of his work being most conspicuous. For some months previous to his death he had been serving as in-

terne in Garfield Hospital, a coveted position which he had secured by competitive examination. His death is a loss, not only to those who esteemed him for his personal qualities, but to a profession he would certainly have honored.

The students of the medical department will probably be interested in learning that the work for the year will be continued about three weeks beyond the usual time for closing the session. The lectures will be continued up to about the first of May, and the examinations will take place about two weeks later. This extension of the course, judging from the comments already made by students, will be most popular, and their approval will doubtless become much more emphatic as the time for examinations draws nigh and the prospect of the mystic Green Room and its terrors grows more imminent. The combined commencement, which is scheduled to take place on the Wednesday nearest the first of June, will occur on June 1, of this year, Convention Hall having been leased some time ago for that date.

It would seem, from a perusal of the columns of the CALL, that the idea of a combined commencement has been productive of much adverse criticism and inflammatory discussion, lately, in the Law Department.

The Medical school passed through the same experience about a year ago, but at present the subject is seldom broached and the whole thing is looked at from a more philosophical standpoint. To tell the truth it may be more a matter of resignation to the inevitable than a feeling of satisfaction which has brought about the comparative calm, for if put to a vote in this department, there is no doubt that the proposition would be snowed under instantly; no doubt, too, the same feeling exists in the Law as in the Medical School, as the conditions giving rise to opposition are practically identical in these two departments. The Board of Trustees, in changing the character of the commencement, of course believed that the best interests of the University, as a whole, would be furthered; if the desired result be achieved, no one can be but entirely satisfied; if not, the same motives which prompted the adoption of the present plan would ensure a prompt return to the original system or something equally good. At all events, since the combined commencement is an assured fact, it behooves everybody concerned to make it as successful as possible; and our advice to our legal brethren is, that if they cannot be entirely happy, to be as happy as they can.

ALUMNI.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Alumni was held in the University building January 17th. The condition and prospects of the Association were thoroughly discussed. Plans for increasing the membership were considered, the printing of the proceedings of the organization and the annual dinner also received due attention.

Article II of the Constitution of the Association says: "The object of this Association shall be to unite the graduates in closer sympathy, and to promote the general welfare of the University." Could worthier aims be adopted? Yet the membership includes only about one-third of the graduates.

While this is perhaps an average Alumni membership in most universities, there would seem to be reasons why Columbian deserves better things from its graduates than other institutions. In its schools men and women who are earning their livelihood in various occupations, may fit themselves for wider spheres of usefulness.

Students whose education in other institutions has been interrupted by the inexorable force of circumstances, can here find opportunity for completing courses of study, and the hope deferred of winning laurels of scholarship elsewhere, may here become a realized fact.

Therefore it is urged upon all students who may glance at this article, to work for degrees and to enroll themselves as Alumni of Columbian.

The annual dinner seems always to have been a movable feast, and this year it has been decided to hold it during the commencement season.

It must be remembered that this year the commencement will include all the schools of the University, and in making the Alumni banquet a prominent feature of the occasion it is hoped to greatly increase the interest in the University among all graduates.—L. B. H.

A NEW DIRECTOR OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

The congratulations of the CALL are due both to the Columbian University and to Professor Ramsey upon the occasion of his appointment as Director of the Summer School. Dr. Hodgkins' new duties as Dean of the Corcoran Scientific School, made it obligatory upon him to relinquish the Directorship of the

Summer School, and Prof. Ramsey, who had, in the capacity of Secretary of the Faculty, been associated with the Summer School from its inception, was at once selected by President Whitman to fill the vacancy, a selection which argues well for the future of this growing Department of our University.

The opening of a Summer School in the Columbian University was first thought of in 1894, and a few courses were indeed offered that year; but it was not until 1895 that the Summer School was officially organized, with Dr. Hodgkins as Director. Its steady growth will be evident from the statistics of attendance set forth below; and it has by this time clearly earned the recognition that is accorded it as one of the important educational features of our capital city.

YEAR.	STUDENTS IN ATTENDANCE.
1894.....	14
1895.....	27
1896.....	59
1897.....	77

Instruction in the school begins on Monday, June 20, and will continue until Saturday, July 30. All courses are open to students of both sexes. Only those courses are given for which a sufficient number of applicants present themselves.

In former years this number has generally been fixed by the various instructors at from three to five.

The classes meet in the evening, between 4.30 and 8.30 o'clock. This permits persons employed in Washington to avail themselves of the advantages offered, and gives to those coming from a distance the entire day in which to visit the Government buildings, libraries, and museums, to study, or to do extra work in the laboratories.

The other Schools of the University give proper credit for work done in the Summer School to students who are now or may be hereafter enrolled in them.

The attention of teachers is called to the opportunities here offered for continuing their studies under the direction of university instructors. Every effort is made to suit the work to their requirements, and in the laboratory and field courses, especially, individual needs are met. Present and prospective students of law and medicine will find a number of courses that will be of particular value, both for review and broadening of work done and for preparation for their regular professional studies.

The University buildings, laboratories, and library will be open daily, Sunday excepted, from 9 a. m. until 8 p. m.

THE STUDIO—THE LAY FIGURE.

"Yes, they're getting too tiresome up here for me," the Lay Figure said to a broken bust of Apollo. "First, that queer little black dwarf chokes me to death while he tries to make a fire; why doesn't some one teach him how? and then in stalks the Professor with a cigar in his mouth, who sits down to a large canvas, and forgets that I exist. This lasts an hour or two. Then the Student, with a pipe and a golf-stocking, is heard coming up the iron ladder. He sits with the professor and they talk art, and smoke. Then a bell rings down stairs, and the Golf-Stocking gets up and makes his usual remark about a premature entrance into Hades, before asking the professor if he believes in Infant Damnation, throws his cigarette stump on the floor and begins his descent.

"As soon as he is gone I have my only treat of the day."

The Apollo almost grew red in the face. "I don't know why She's your treat," he began; "she winked at me yesterday." "I said mine," the Lay Figure continued, "and mine she is. We are the only women up here, amongst all you false plaster-men, and she naturally turns to me for sympathy. Not that she looks at me much, though she works so hard at her lovely big flowers. Oh! how jealous I grow of that man who comes up here to teach her. I wonder, you, Apollo have never been jealous."

"I have, ma chérie," Apollo answered, yesterday I tried to fall on him but I only cracked the end of my nose."

The studio filled with a dull blue smoke. Apollo continued, "Ugh, how that stove smokes, he choked." "I am uncovered all day now" (there was a sigh in his voice) so that some girl-student may mis-draw my anatomy. How nice it used to be, when alone in the dark, we had winter coverings of dust."

Apollo reached out his broken arms toward the Lay Figure in silent sympathy. "And on Saturdays," they both cried in concert, "there is no silent moment. They call it sketching!"

There is an old Parisian proverb that 'when the Lay Figure complains, work is always going on,' and if one should venture up the rickety old iron stairs he would find unusual enthusiasm. The Professor is busy on a Certain Eminent Business Man, the Girl-With-Dark-Eyes on a Bunch of Japan-flowers, while the Golf-Stocking is studying, as usual, the Technique of Rest.

Subscription to CALL balance of year, without back numbers, to students only, 50 cents.

ELECTION OF DELEGATES.

A meeting of the students of the College was held to-day to elect delegates to the International Student Convention to be held at Cleveland, Ohio, the latter part of this month. Those selected were Miss Hinman, Messrs Harlan, Hobson, and Beatty.

February 16th—A special meeting was called at 12 o'clock to elect another delegate, vice Miss Hinman, resigned. The students assembled promptly at 12 o'clock with Mr. Stuart in the chair. The proceedings soon developed an amount of enthusiasm seldom equaled. Excitement ran high and one could well imagine he was at a political gathering. The famous Stock Exchange was scarce a circumstance compared with it, and as for the House of Representatives, could its members and speaker have been present, they would have been put to shame. Parliamentary rules of procedure were conspicuous because of their adaptability to the varying circumstances.

The chairman was really a curiosity. When every student stood up, shook their fists and demanded recognition he smiled complacently and proceeded as though he alone were present. Except in a few cases he seemed to have complete control of himself. The hubbub and confusion seemed not to disturb him in the least.

Someone suggested that the previous election was void in that more votes were cast than there were students present. This caused a sensation and soon resulted in a motion to adjourn, which motion was objected to on the ground of it being out of order. Chair ruled, after consulting "Roberts," that a motion to adjourn was always in order. From this ruling an appeal was taken but the Chair was sustained by a vote of 24 to 22.

The motion, when finally presented, was lost by a considerable majority. A motion to limit speeches to three minutes soon followed and receiving the support of the ladies, it was passed.

The question of the validity of the previous election received much attention.

Finally the previous question was called for but no one seemed to know what it was. At length they agreed that the motion was to proceed with the election. Mr. Cutter introduced a motion to declare the election of the day before invalid, which was passed unanimously. At this point Dean Huntington requested that the meeting adjourn until 3.15, which was done. At which time Miss McKelden, Messrs Harlan, Larcombe, Beatty, and Hobson were elected.

THE LAWYER'S GHOST STORY.

BY M. M. RAMSEY.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101.)

and sometimes it merely beckoned and disappeared. Soon the servants began to declare that they heard strange noises about the house, especially in the upper story. Occasionally they would hear moans and wailing, often accompanied by the sounds of struggling, but they never dared to investigate the cause. Mrs. Reynolds, under the intense mental strain, soon became crabbed and petulant, her nerves became shattered, and at the age of forty-nine she presented the appearance of an old woman of nearly sixty."

"But," said I, interrupting him, "Why didn't you institute a search for the girl as soon as you found out she was missing, and have the old woman arrested?"

"That proves you are no lawyer," rejoined he, "for I had no right in the premises, and, as we lawyers say, where there is no right there is no remedy. Mrs. Penfield and I, as weeks went on, began to suspect foul play, but we had nothing but mere suspicions to work upon. I communicated these to the chief of police and was laughed at for my pains, and when I insisted that inquiry should be instituted, that worthy official told me that love had turned my head, and threatened me with arrest as a crank. Mrs. Penfield engaged the services of a private detective, who reported from time to time that he had discovered a clue, but never discovered anything else. Mrs. Reynolds was unfathomable. Mr. Potter, as an old friend of Louise's father, called upon her and demanded an explanation, but Mrs. Reynolds said Louise had become insane and had to be sent away, and simply declined to make known the name of the asylum. I thereupon addressed inquiries to all the institutions for the insane in New England, but my letters were for the most part disregarded, and in some instances I received a reply stating that inquiries of that nature would not be answered. In the meantime no body was discovered, and finally we gave up the last remnant of hope.

"In the fall I returned to my work, very heartsore over my loss, and things went pretty dull with me. One night, about the middle of the following January, I was detained at my office rather late by a puzzling case, and it was nearly half-past five before I finished. There had been a drizzling, sleety rain all day, which had frozen as it fell, leaving the streets as slippery as glass. In addition a light snow was falling at the time, which made the ice more treacherous. As I stood on

the steps of the building buttoning up my overcoat before going out in the snow, I saw a neatly-dressed young woman, who was passing, lose her footing and fall on the pavement, about fifteen yards from where I was standing. I watched her, expecting to see her get up and go on her way, but instead she lay there motionless. I went quickly to her assistance, and raising her up, discovered a cut in the back of her head which rendered her partially insensible. Assisted by a passer-by, I raised her and carried her into the office of a patent attorney, on the first floor of the building, that being the nearest place accessible. Here we removed her hat, and bound up the cut, which was but a slight one, with my handkerchief, and giving her a swallow of whiskey, I had no brandy, she soon revived enough to sit up and tell us her name and address. She was quite young, apparently not over seventeen or eighteen, and in spite of her being plainly clad, I perceived at a glance that she was quite pretty. The girl said her name was Lucille de Mareil, and that she was on her way to her mistress, having been on a visit to her mother, who kept a confectionery store in Brooklyn. As the girl professed herself able to go home, I called a cab, and thanking the stranger for his timely aid, I conducted her to the conveyance. But imagine my surprise, when on asking where I should tell the driver to take her, she gave me the address of Mrs. Reynolds. I immediately decided to accompany the girl and question her about Mrs. Reynolds, and I accordingly entered the cab. The girl was evidently surprised at this piece of politeness, but was too faint to make any objection. During the drive I learned that she was employed by Mrs. Reynolds as a companion and maid, and finding her both discreet and intelligent, I gave her a slight outline of Louise's disappearance, and asked her to keep on the alert and inform me if she discovered anything. This she promised to do, and giving her my address, I left her at the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

A young man who is studying both French and German, declares that it is with difficulty that he keeps out of such tangles as the following:

"Es war ein homme in notre town,
Und he war tres, sehr, sage,
Er jumped in ein broussailles epaisses
And arracha beide ses yeux,
But quand he vit seine Auge au'
Mit tout his corps perdu
He sprang in noch ein bnisson,
Et gratta them encore."

THE LAST OF BATTLES.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100.)

of the barb wire fence, from which it was an off-spring.

Opposing obstructions, and all forms of decoys were thrown into the way by the Americans, who were now ready for the coming of the enemy. It was morning—about nine—when the enemy advanced. Ten miles was as near as they had yet dared; now they were only a mile distant from the foothills occupied by the Americans. On, on, they came, their motor wagons carrying thousands of infantry, armed with the liquified air guns, their great fortresses on wheels and walking beams, their air ships swinging murderous heaps of dynamite beneath.

All looked formidable from the American watch towers. Soon the advancing enemy were to be held in check. Over field and through forests they surged, and climbed, as best they might, the rugged slopes of the foothills. At last they reached the dead line, the American troops are only a short mile ahead when—the Gods avenge!—thousands are hurled heavenward by the explosion of the underground mines. In numbers, however, they excel and on they sweep, on and on through the obstructions into the passes; they swarm the roads, their cannon belch fire into the supposed American camps, and secure an occasional return of shot and shell. They near the fatal fence, the ground is thick with wires along the more important of the mountain roads. And now they reach the fate prepared for them, the deadly current is running at its highest tension—the alternating current—and the men fall like stones as they touch it. Men seek to tear down the fatal fence. As far as the eye can see the fatality has happened. At last there is a human fence and the army surges over the dead bodies of men. The deadly wire is of use no longer, but Yankee ingenuity is not conquered, towers reaching a hundred feet into the air, that seemed vacant, are now animated at their tops and heavy streams of water, shot with tremendous force plays upon the enemy like a rain of death. The alternating current pops, and snaps as it descends to the earth, dealing death upon every side. The enemy is checked; its motor wagons fly to the rear. In six hours the field is deserted, the American army has acted only as a bait, and the loss of life is small. Dynamo and motor wagons are rushed into the field of war, grave cutters quickly bury the dead, ambulances closed and horseless, swallow up the wounded and are gone; prisoners are hurried back to the elec-

tric trains ready to receive them and put them out of helping distance from their comrades. Night comes on, and the dynamo wagons give out currents to the arc lights strung upon the poles hoisted along the mountain roads and valley trails. Detachments of infantry and artillery hurry in pursuit of the giant, yet conquered enemy. The Cosmopolites are defeated, and soon we are to hear of their total disruption by internal revolutions, and the formation of states therefrom, founded upon the principle of the equality of manhood.

—J. P. ALEXANDER.

COLLEGE DANCE.

The students of the College have arranged to give a dance at the Majestic, 14th and Yale streets, Mt. Pleasant, on Friday evening the 18th inst. Most of the professors with their wives are expected to be present and, of course, all the students of the College. The program, as arranged for the evening is a very good one and a pleasant time is anticipated. Cards of admission are to be had from the committee, Messrs. Clark, Stewart, Maynard, Coburn, Sherman, Faris, Lindsey and Hoover.

SUSPENSE.

Though a thousand leagues away,
Once a week respects I pay—
Send my minstrel with his lay,
"Bessie."

Modest little maiden she,
Prim and pretty as can be,
She has stole my heart from me,
"Bessie."

Fearful rivals block my path—
Rivals not of fight—but laugh;
Those who wound you with their chaff,
"Bessie."

Could we meet on honor's field
They would surely to me yield,
She who from them I would shield,
"Bessie."

Dainty little country lass;
Sweetest flower of her class,
Tell me, tell me not alas,
"Bessie."

That I truly know the guest,
Whom she loves the very best—
What an answer to my quest,
"Bessie."

Yet I know not how 'twill be;
I love her, does she love me?
Sweetheart may I call and see?
"Bessie."

—R. E. ZELA.

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